And now this pale Swan in her watrie neſt,
Begins the ſad Dirge of her certaine ending,
Few words (quoth ſhee) ſhall fit the treſpaſſe beſt,
VVhere no excuſe can giue the fault amending.
In me moe woes then words are now depending,
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poore tired tong.

Then be this all the taske it hath to ſay,
Deare husband in the intereſt of thy bed
A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay,
VVhere thou waſt wont to reſt thy wearie head,
And what wrong elſe may be imagined,
By foule inforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy LVCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,
VVith ſhining Fauchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And ſoftly cried, awake thou Romaine Dame,
And entertaine my loue, elſe laſting ſhame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my loues deſire do contradict.

For

For ſome hard fauour'd Groome of thine, o
Vnleſſe thou yoke thy liking to my will
Ile murther ſtraight, and then ile ſlaughter t
And ſweare I found you where you did fulfi
The lothſome act of Luſt, and ſo did kill
The lechors in their deed, this Act will b
My Fame, and thy perpetuall infamy.

VVith this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my heart he ſet his ſword,
Swearing, vnleſſe I tooke all patiently,
I ſhould not liue to ſpeake another word.
So ſhould my ſhame ſtill reſt vpon record,
And neuer be forgot in mightie Roome
Th'adulterat death of LVCRECE, and her G

Mine enemy was ſtrong, my poore ſelfe wea
(And farre the weaker with ſo ſtrong a feare)
My bloudie Iudge forbod my tongue to ſpea
No rightfull plea might plead for Iuſtice the
His ſcarlet Luſt came euidence to ſweare
That my poore beautie had purloin'd his
And when the Iudge is rob'd, the priſoner